

THE LEISURE HOUR

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"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



MR. CRICKETT TRIES HIS DIPLOMACY WITH MOSES LEE.

HURLOCK CHASE.

BY G. H. SARGENT, AUTHOR OF "STORY OF A CITY ARAB,"
CHAPTER I.—A BUSY DAY WITH MR. CRICKETT.

ON the afternoon of the day last spoken of in our story Mr. Crickett presented himself before his mistresses, and humbly besought twenty-four hours' leave of absence. This granted, he forthwith proceeded towards the public-house on the borders of the Chase, known to our readers as "The Squirrel."

The day was hot and the roads were dusty; and Mr. Crickett halted in front of the hostelry, wiped his brow, and looked around him.

The house was evidently in an unusual bustle. A cattle-fair had been held in the neighbourhood two days before; and a motley assemblage of customers, who, from their appearance, had not yet slept off the effects of their day's debauch, were congregated on the benches of the tap-room within the house, or were lounging around its door. Apart from these idlers were several dark-haired, swarthy gipsies, who seemed to be discussing their gains and losses at the fair over quarts of ale; while strings of unsold, or perhaps recently acquired ragged colts and worn-out cart-horses, under the charge of human colts as rough and ragged as themselves, were

cropping the coarse but abundant herbage which sprung up by the road-side.

Two or three caravans, also, were drawn up under the hedges, near to "The Squirrel," and had temporarily discharged their freight of children of all ages, from infancy upwards, who were sprawling on the greensward in very primitive costume and picturesque groups.

A touch of quiet interest was added to the scene by two or three gipsy mothers, who, taking advantage of the halt, had brought out their washing utensils, such as they were, and were busily employed in passing the superfluous clothing of their families through the ordeal of soap and water, the evidences of their industry fluttering on the hedges in the September breeze.

Glancing around him, and uttering an impatient "humph," Mr. Crickett, after a momentary hesitation, entered "The Squirrel," and, pushing through the crowded tap-room, finally ensconced himself in the bar-parlour, whither he was presently followed by the landlord.

"A nice quiet house you have got to-day, Parsley," said the guest, discontentedly.

"Not much the matter about that, Mr. Crickett," retorted Young George. "I shan't make my fortune out of 'em, anyway. But that doesn't signify: what will you have?"

"I don't know yet that I shall have anything," said Mr. Crickett, sullenly. "I want to know first about that message you sent me. You wanted to see me to-day; was that it?"

"Now, don't be cross, Mr. Crickett," remonstrated young George, good-humouredly. "You have had a long walk and a warm walk, and you are tired and dry. Try that, sir;" and he poured out a full tumbler of some seductive mixture, which, whatever its component parts, soon effected a mollifying change in the countenance of the butler, who drank and was refreshed.

"Ah! I told you so, Mr. Crickett: you'll be better now."

"Oh, the stuff is good enough, as far as that goes," said the guest, putting down his glass, and wiping his lips with the back of his hand; "but that doesn't alter the imprudence of the thing."

"Of what thing, Mr. Crickett?"

"Of—please to shut the door, Parsley—that will do—of having meetings appointed in broad daylight, with all the world and his wife for witnesses. There's Wincheap, now, an empty-headed jackass, sitting and muddling his brains with a parcel of bores in your tap. I saw him as I came through."

"He muddle his brains! It would take more than you think for to do that, I reckon. And if he likes to stand treat, where's the harm of it?" asked the landlord.

"The harm, is—but, never mind; you sent me a message to come, and here I am. What is it about?"

"Oh, it isn't much; but, as to making appointments and such-like, you mustn't blame me, Mr. Crickett. I have my orders, and I obey them. If my house is full (a rare chance ever to find it so), I am not going to turn my customers away: how can I? After all, I don't hold with being so uncommon sly. Keep close when there's anything to be done, that's what I say; but there's more suspicions raised by making such a terrible to-do about being secret when there's no occasion for it, than in seeming as if you had not got anything to hide that you are afraid of people's knowing."

"Well, you sent me a message," repeated Mr. Crickett, impatiently.

"It was no message of mine: it was Master Wincheap; and—and here he is, to speak for himself."

And there he was, to speak for himself, slowly rising

from the floor, till he was on a level with the other occupants of the bar-parlour: a circumstance which appeared to excite no surprise in either of their breasts.

"Uncommonly convenient, these trap-doors; but rather awkward to manage neatly," said the spruce draper, adjusting his collar and running his fingers through his rumpled hair. "But, like most things in the world, there's nothing without its drawbacks. How are you, Mr. Crickett?" and he extended his hand, which by this time was disengaged.

"Our friend is a little put out," said Young George, laughing; "got out of bed head foremost this morning, I think; so I'll leave you to smooth him down, Mr. Wincheap, while I go and attend to my own business," he added, leaving the bar-parlour by the ordinary mode of exit, and carefully closing the door after him.

The conference between the two worthies whom he left behind him was long and confidential; for Mr. Crickett gradually relaxed, and entered with much interest into the plans opened to him by Mr. Wincheap, which, it is scarcely necessary to say, related to the contraband trade with which they were both so intimately connected, and to the confusion of their watchful enemies. A few scraps of the conversation, which, of course, was carried on *sotto voce*, will prevent our having recourse to dry narrative at this particular part of our story.

"This day week? You are sure as to the time, Mr. Wincheap?"

"There's no mistake about it, Crickett. Everything is arranged. There's to be a run of two or three hundred tubs at Ladies' Cliff, with some carts to move off with them; there will be an information sworn; the custom-housers will call out the military to help them make the capture; there's to be a sort of resistance and a smart run, to fill up the time, but they are to take the goods and prisoners too, if they like; and, while this is going on, we land our cargo at the bay, and get clear off with it to the hides before they can say Jack Robinson."

"And the tubs they are to take will be full of seawater when they come to be tapped. Rather a stale trick, eh?" said William Crickett.

"Stale or not stale, it will take; ha! ha! I should like to see them when they do find out their mistake," said the other, mightily tickled.

"But not to be in their way, I fancy. But suppose they should be too wide awake to be tricked with your salt water; how then, Mr. Wincheap?"

"They will be tricked, I tell you. Hark you; just a word in your ear." And Mr. Wincheap bent down his head and whispered.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the listener, with undisguised surprise on his countenance.

"True, and sure as fate," replied Wincheap, composedly. "Every man has his price, you know, if you do but know what that price is."

"I dare say you are right," said Crickett, recovering his equanimity; "but the price is the thing; and—"

"No names," whispered the other, cautiously.

"Well, No-names, then, must have been bribed pretty high."

"It was worth while. The run next week will be the making of some of us," said Mr. Wincheap, rubbing his hands.

"Or the breaking, if anything goes crooked, I suppose," retorted Mr. Crickett, coolly.

"Don't mention the word, Crickett," returned the draper, nervously. "Not that it would hurt me so much; but there's one whom you know: it will be making or breaking to him, with a vengeance."

"You mean him of Fairbourne Court. It isn't much that it'll take to break him, by all accounts. I wouldn't say so much about the making," said William Crickett, with a sneer; adding, "However, that's nothing to me: have you anything else to say?"

"Not much more; only we want to be right about the hides. There are your old ruins, you know."

"Yes, but I don't know; that is, I know they are all clear now, and all safe. But I give you notice that that game is pretty near up; and, another thing, the goods must be moved off precious soon after the run."

"What do you mean, Crickett?"

"Mean! That when there's new lords there's new laws. Young Rivers is coming to the Priory."

"Pho! He is having Leanacres fitted up for him, isn't he?" said Wincheap, uneasily.

"What he is having done is one thing: what he will do is another. I tell you he'll be living at the Priory, and Tom Carey with him, for anything I know. At any rate, they'll be hand and glove together again, as they used to be; and Tom knows all about the ruins."

"And always did; but he never split."

"That's more than you know; and, if he never did, that's no rule he won't now; and, if you come to splitting and not splitting, how do you account for the bad luck there has been of late?"

"That wants looking to," replied the other, thoughtfully. "I always said so, and I—; but we won't go into that now. The old cellars will be safe for this time, I suppose, and afterwards we must do as we can. And now, about letting the fellows at the forge know: you'll do that, Crickett?"

"I don't know why you should put that on me, Mr. Wincheap," said the butler, discontentedly.

"Because it lies in your way; and, when you are about it, you may as well look out for Moses Lee."

"Isn't he here?" demanded Crickett. "There's a lot of gipsies outside; and that's why I said it was imprudent to be meeting here. I wouldn't have come if I had known there would have been so many eyes upon us. Them gipsies are as sharp as needles, and they know too much by half already."

"Well, there's something in what you say; but who was to know that they would be hanging about here just at this time? After all, there isn't much fear. They can't tell what they don't know, and their interests all lie our way; so there are two good reasons why they won't do us any harm. And if there were not, there's always something to be risked; and care killed the cat."

"You were talking about Moses Lee: isn't he here?" Mr. Crickett repeated.

"No, he isn't. This is the Ripley lot. The Lees and the Ripleys had a quarrel at the fair, and Moses and his gang went off to Marley Heath the same day. So you had better look out for him, as I said before."

"You give me plenty to do," said Mr. Crickett.

"Not so much as I have set myself," returned Mr. Wincheap. "I shall be run off my legs before the job is over. But think of the profit."

"Or the loss," added Mr. Crickett.

"I tell you we won't think of that. What do you keep dinning that into a fellow's ears for?"

"Because—but never mind."

"Mind! who minds? I tell you 'the plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends;'" and Mr. Wincheap, forgetting the caution he had hitherto exercised, raised his voice and gesticulated more than was needful, as he mouthed the quotation.

"Whist! be quiet, Mr. Wincheap, can't you?" exclaimed William Crickett, in apparent alarm.

"I beg your pardon, old fellow," returned the other, penitently. "I forgot myself—always do when I quote Shakespeare. Oh, Shakespeare! divine Shakespeare! Let us pour out a libation to the memory of the immortal bard."

"I never did see such a—"

"Such a what, friend?" asked the spruce smuggler, in his natural tones.

"Such a hape as you make of yourself when you get on that play-acting tack. There, now, I have said it."

"Never mind," rejoined Mr. Wincheap, laughing, and good-humouredly; "there are more apes in the world to keep me company. And now, I think we have said all that's to be said. You'll do your part of the business?"

"Yes: I'll see the forgermen and Lee."

"And get the vaults ready?"

"Oh, they are ready enough, if you get the goods to put in them. But there's one thing I had forgot. I can't be here the night that's fixed on."

"You don't mean—"

"I mean what I say," said Mr. Crickett, interrupting his friend. "Young Mr. Rivers has chosen to fix on that night for coming to the Priory: I heard that much to-day; and I must be there, of course."

"That's awkward again; but what must be, must. At any rate, you will lend a hand when the lads get to the ruins."

Few more words passed, not needful to be recorded here; and then Mr. Crickett departed by the way he came.

"A surly dog that," observed Young George, as he re-entered the bar-parlour.

"True as steel, though," replied Mr. Wincheap; "and ought to be," he added; "for, let who will lose, he always contrives to win."

CHAPTER LI.—THE SAME.

MR. CRICKETT'S engagements were not over when he departed from "The Squirrel." For a moment or two he stood hesitantly in front of the gipsies' caravans, and passed a few words with the women. Then he carelessly walked away and entered the Chase.

As an imaginative writer is supposed to know all that passes through the minds of those whose actions he undertakes to narrate, we may put into words the soliloquy in which Mr. Crickett indulged, as, with his hands clasped behind him, he slowly trod the tangled grass beneath his feet.

"I think I have tickled that trout," he thought within himself. "'A very good plot,' he called it: I wonder what he'll say to it when it is all blown up in the air. 'Lend a hand when they get to the ruins,' he said. I know a trick worth two like that. They'll never suspect me; they can't; they shan't. Tom Carey's the informer. I see my way pretty clear now. Old Tom! rascal Tom! Methodist Tom! You think I have forgotten how you laid your hands on me once upon a time. You are mistaken, old fellow: Will Crickett never forgets; and he'll have his revenge at last, for that and all other old scores that have got to be wiped off. Yes, I see my way pretty clear, pretty clear."

"It must be done now, if it is to be done at all," he went on, reflectively. "The game's up with Squire Gilbert. Lawyer Wainfleet didn't bring down that budget of papers for nothing, and isn't gone over to Fairbourne Court for nothing either. Going to dine with Roger Gilbert, was he? Plenty of vinegar sauce

there, there will be, or my name isn't Crickett. Ha, ha! I can't help laughing.

"Yes, it must be done, now or never. So that riding officer has been bribed over, has he? I am glad I know that: it all helps my way.

"This quarrel among the gipsies, too, that's capital. They always have pulled together in these jobs, the Lees and the Ripleys. But if I can only—yes, I can do it. 'Tis only telling a lie or two to Moses Lee, and he'll keep away with his gang, and so there will be a good arm cut off. Glad I found out from the women what the row was about. It shan't be healed up in a week. I'll look up Moses this evening: it will be all in my day's work; and the sooner it is over the better.

"Yes; it must be done to-day. I hate dilly-dallying. If a thing has got to be done, do it. That's my principle. And if mischief comes of the hide in the crypt being discovered, why, so much the better. The Priory belongs to Harry Rivers now, does it? I hate that young fellow—always did. Manly and generous, is he? I hate anybody that sets up to be manly and generous. There are no such things in nature: I don't believe in them; and if there are, so much the worse. I hate 'em. I wonder what his manly and generous-ship will say when there's a good round sum of a few thousand pounds laid on his estate for smuggled goods being found on it. If the old women had—pshaw! I have had enough of their petticoat-government, and their William do this, and William do that; and they shan't stand in my way any longer."

We shall not expose more of this mental reverie. The man's conscience, you see, had been seared as with a hot iron. He neither feared God nor regarded man. Hitherto it had answered his own selfish purposes to be faithful to his smuggling associates, and to appear devoted to those whose bread he had eaten so many years. But he knew, with regard to the last, that his hypocrisy was beginning to wear threadbare, and he calculated that, by one stroke of treachery, he could better serve himself than by any further amount of fidelity to those with whom he had hitherto banded in defying the law and risking its penalties. Only one other consideration moved him; namely, that of the danger of incurring the vengeance of his victims; but, if he could shift suspicion on to another, and that other a man whom he instinctively disliked, and against whom he had a vindictive spite, every obstacle in the way of his dark and atrocious treason would be removed.

Revolving these matters in his mind, then, until he had satisfied himself of the feasibility of his plans, Mr. Crickett presently quickened his steps, and proceeded onwards through Hurlock Chase, with the aspect and bearing of one who was at ease with himself and at peace with all the world. He even so far unbent himself as to halt in his progress as he came upon a large ant-hill, and observed with much curious interest the proceedings of a number of the industrious inhabitants of that colony, who were labouring with might and main to convey to their storehouse an enormous dead beetle which one of their number had lighted on in his travels. For a minute or two the human insect looked down with a sarcastic smile at his worthier brother insects at his feet; and then, the instinct of mischief suddenly seizing him, he thrust a stick into the nest, and, exerting his strength, destroyed in one minute the labour of months, and laughed silently at the frantic efforts of the poor emmets to ascertain the cause of their ruin.

Satisfied with this exploit, the traitor in intent pursued his course towards the ironworks, which, as our

readers are aware, lay on the opposite side of the Chase. It was nearly four o'clock, and the September sun was slowly declining towards the west, when Mr. Crickett noticed a horseman crossing the Chase, and apparently proceeding towards the mansion. Another moment's observation convinced him that the rider was none other than the Roger Gilbert who had recently been mixed up in the merry dance of his busy thoughts.

"So, so! left your dinner-table already, and your guest too: an infant could tell what that means," thought Mr. Crickett. "I would rather not have met you; but, being here—well, good too: that may be turned to account. Why not?"

So thinking, he boldly walked on, and so regulated his pace as to pass within a few feet of Roger Gilbert, who seemed to be in no great hurry to reach his destination.

If Mr. Crickett had possessed very strong feelings of compassion and sympathy, he would surely have relented of the evil he intended against this man, who, whatever he might be, or might have done to others, had never behaved spitefully to him, but, on the contrary, had indirectly served his material interests. Indeed, so woe-begone, oppressed, and bowed down was Mr. Gilbert, that Mr. Crickett was for a moment startled. He easily recovered himself, however. "There's something, and somebody, nearer a smash than even I had calculated upon," he thought within himself, adding, that it was all working one way, and that what was to be done had better be done off-hand. His looks and bearing did not betray these thoughts, however; for nothing could be more humbly subservient than the reverential bow with which he greeted the rider.

"Ha! it is you, Crickett! I did not observe you at first," said the squire, with an attempted ease of manner, which sadly failed. "Out for a ramble, eh?"

Mr. Crickett confessed to the impeachment in very soft and purring tones; adding, in a mysterious whisper, "and a little business too, your honour."

"True: I had forgotten; I was thinking of something else. Business, eh?"

"I have just seen Mr. Wincheap, sir," said the butler.

"Oh yes, yes; and he has told you——"

"That it is to be this day week, sir."

"True; and—and you give your help, I hope," gasped, rather than spoke, the down-stricken man.

"As a matter of course, sir. I am just going to——"

"Don't tell me; don't tell me. It does not do for me to be made acquainted with all these details, you know, Crickett. I might be compromised. You know what there is cut out for you to do, and that's enough—only——" here he paused, and looked round restlessly.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Crickett?"

"Your honour was thinking of something else to say: you were speaking of 'only'——"

"Ah! I was only about to express a hope that there will be no mistake, no blunder. It will be worth everybody's while who has to do with—with the night's work, to be on the alert. The scheme must not miscarry, Mr. Crickett."

"So Mr. Wincheap was telling me, sir," said William Crickett, deferentially.

"He is right, quite right. It would be a black affair for poor Wincheap if anything were to go wrong."

"I'll be sure to do my best, sir," said Crickett; "that is, as far as I am concerned; but I am only one, Mr. Gilbert; and if there should be any——"

"Don't speak of it, Crickett," exclaimed Mr. Gilbert,

in as great trepidation as the same expressed problematical uncertainty had caused in Mr. Wincheap an hour before: "there must not, must not be any failure this time. You don't know how much depends on our success or otherwise; and—yes, I may as well say that it will be worth every one's while to see that the job is carried through. Good afternoon."

Mr. Crickett cast a parting glance at the retiring horseman, and then went on his way.

"Worth every one's while, eh?" he said, with a chuckle. "Them very words are worth to me another fifty pounds, anyway," he added.

The traitor reached the works in time for an interview with Will Carter, the foreman. It is unnecessary to write down the particulars of their conference: it is sufficient to say that, while planning the arrangements for the eventful night, Mr. Crickett so skilfully insinuated his professed doubts of the good faith of Tom Carey, as to rouse Carter's suspicion and indignation very strongly against his former fellow-forgeman.

"If I was sure of his being such a scoundrel as it is likely he is," said the man-of iron, "he shouldn't have to brag of it."

"But we are not sure, you see," said Crickett, with affected moderation; "and we won't do Tom the injustice of charging it against him without good reason. All I can say is, Tom is up to all our moves; and I put it to you, Carter, whether our people haven't lost more by captures since Carey left us than they had done for years, ay, twenty years before; and just in the way that he was likely to put the riding officers up to."

"I never thought of it before; but 'tis true as true," exclaimed Carter, bringing down his hammer on one of the iron pigs, as though to clinch his asseveration.

"And if he should find out what's going on next week, and what there is at stake—why, it would be the making of him to give information," continued the insinuator.

"But I can't believe it of Tom," said the forgerman, relenting towards his former chum. "They may say what they like about his turning Methodist. Why, I might have turned Methodist too, and was near upon doing it once. But there's good and bad among the Methodists, as there is among other lots; and I don't like to think it of Tom Carey, I don't. Anyway, how is he to know of what's in the wind?"

"Trust to an old hand for finding out what he wants to know. And as to that, why, there was Wincheap and Parsley at it to-day among the gipsies, and making no bones about it."

"And Tom Carey used to be thick enough with gipsy Lee; and Lee is like enough to tell Tom what's forward," said Carter. "But, after all, we are running our heads against nothing," he added.

"Very good; then they won't get broken," rejoined Mr. Crickett. And so the dialogue ended; but not its effects. The poison had been injected; and, do what he might, Will Carter could not get rid of the uncomfortable suspicion that Tom Carey was dangerous.

"So far good. And now for another bit of good management before it comes to the last of all," mused Mr. Crickett to himself, as he turned away from the forge and struck into the tangled pathway described in an earlier part of our narrative, which led from the iron-works to Marley Heath.

It was growing dusk when the traveller reached the gipsies' encampment; but his good fortune still attended him. Moses Lee was there, very little changed since we last had occasion to introduce him to our readers: even

his costume had undergone but a slight revision. Like another nomadic patriarch, of whom we elsewhere read, Moses Lee was seated at the door of his tent; but we cannot carry the similitude further, as our modern nomad was smoking a short black pipe, while his hands were busily employed in the manufacture of butchers' wooden skewers. A gipsy brood was idly squatting or stretching in various attitudes around a brisk fire kindled on the heath, over which was swung the invariable gipsy kettle, the bubbling contents of which were watched by a wrinkled, haggard woman, the grandmother of the tribe. To complete the picture we must introduce on the background the old caravan, which in a former chapter we sketched from the wheelwright's yard, and two or three rough-coated ponies, and as many ancient asses, which were cropping the short, sweet herbage of the common.

"In want of any *skivers*, good gentleman?" said the gipsy, in a soft, insinuating tone, after casting a quick and sharp glance at the intruder, who had halted beside the group, and was silently looking on.

"Skivers! the good gentleman doesn't want your skivers, Moe," said the cracked voice of the old beldame. "'Tis his fortune he wants to be told; and there's Sansparella. Cross your hand with silver, good gentleman, and—"

And hereupon a hubbub shout arose from the urchins for Sansparella, who forthwith darted from the interior of the caravan, in the shape of an exceedingly dark-skinned and jet-black-haired wench of some sixteen or seventeen years, and who, with "nods and becks, and wreathed smiles," seemed ready enough to put to the test her newly acquired skill in chiromancy.

"Another day for that," said Mr. Crickett: "at present I want a word or two with you, Lee; and never mind about the 'good gentleman.' You know my name, and that's enough." And then, seeing that Sansparella was sullenly moving away, the wary butler added, "But I won't cheat your girl of her fee, either;" at the same time putting his hand in his pocket, and extracting a bright shilling from its depths, he laid it on the young lady's palm—a stretch of liberality which probably afterwards surprised himself, as much as it at that time surprised its object. It answered its purpose, however (for, are we not told that "money answereth all things?"), in calling forth a joyous pæan from the recipient of the bounty.

Moving out of ear-shot then, Mr. Crickett and the gipsy held earnest discourse, in which the diplomatist, concealing his knowledge of the recent quarrel between the two rival tribes of Lee and Ripley, skilfully contrived to ferment the jealousy of his auditor, by representing that the head of the Ripley faction was already engaged to the post of honour, and consequently to that of the greater profit, in the coming adventure; while to Moses Lee was assigned an inferior duty, which besides involved the necessity of acting under the orders of his rival.

It was enough. Moses Lee, at any rate, would hear no more, but, sternly turning his back on the ambassador, he bade him take to those who sent him his absolute refusal to co-operate in their plans.

A diplomatist of higher rank than that to which Mr. Crickett ever attained might, we think, have taken a lesson from that gentleman, who, while professing to combat the objections and final decision of the gipsy, contrived to pour oil upon the flame of his jealousy, and to render his decision irrevocable.

"That's done too," said Mr. Crickett, as he withdrew from the camp. "There's no fear of the Lees having a

finger in the pie now, nor the Ripleys either; and that's worth another fifty pounds, good. And now for the supervisor."

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

II.

IN 1851 the happy idea occurred to Mr. Thackeray of turning lecturer. The subject he selected was the "English Humorists;" and with its history and literature he was most thoroughly at home. The lectures proved a mine of wealth, being most successful in London and the country, and he passed over to America to deliver them there. "At Washington Mr. Irving came to a lecture given by the writer, which Mr. Filmore and General Pierce, the President and President elect, were also kind enough to attend together." "Once in America a clever and candid woman said to me, at the close of a dinner, during which I had been sitting beside her, 'I was told I should not like you, and I don't!' 'Well, ma'am,' said I, in a tone of the most unfeigned simplicity, 'I don't care.'" In 1856 Mr. Thackeray again made a profitable visit to America, and delivered his lectures on the "Four Georges."

I think that what he says of George III is, for pathos and eloquence, perhaps the most masterly of what he has written. "The heart of England still beats kindly for George III," he has written elsewhere, and we are glad that Thackeray could feel so for him and thus eloquently speak: "All the world knows the story of his malady: all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast, the star of his famous order still idly shining on it. He was not only sightless: he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had; in one of which the queen, desiring to see him, entered the room and found him singing a hymn and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but, if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.

"What preacher need moralize on this story? What words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery strikes us down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. 'O brothers,' I said to those who heard me first in America—'O brothers, speaking the same dear mother tongue—O comrades, enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest: dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely, our Lear hangs over her breathless lips, and cries 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little.'"

"Vex not his ghost! Oh! let him pass: he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer."

"Hush, strife and quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy."

Surely this is real pathos and eloquence. These lectures have a certain historical value of their own. Mr. Thackeray, indeed, seriously contemplated an important historical work, which he never lived to commence.

After his return from his second American expedition, he offered himself as a candidate to represent Oxford, and lost his election by a very small majority. His speech, after the declaration of the poll, was characteristic: "I will retire and take my place with my pen and ink at my desk, and leave to Mr. Cardwell a business which I am sure he understands better than I do."

In the life of Charlotte Brontë we find some interesting notices of Mr. Thackeray by that distinguished writer, evidencing great accuracy and impartiality. To the last Thackeray possessed a kind of fascination over her mind. Before she had ever seen him she dedicated to him that remarkable story which made her reputation. "Last, not least, an interview with Mr. Thackeray. He made a morning call and sat above two hours. The giant sat before me. I was moved to speak to him of some of his shortcomings (literary, of course): one by one the faults came into my head, and one by one I brought them out and sought some explanation or defence. The excuses were often more than the crime itself. The matter ended in decent amity." "All you say of Mr. Thackeray is most graphic and characteristic. He stirs in me both sorrow and anger. Why should he lead so harassing a life? Why should his mocking tongue so perversely deny the better feelings of his better moods?" "I came here in order to be in time for Thackeray's second lecture. This, as you may suppose, was a genuine treat to me, and I was glad not to miss it. The audience was said to be the cream of London society, and it looked so. I did not at all expect the great lecturer would know me or notice me under these circumstances, with admiring duchesses and countesses seated in rows before him; but he met me as I entered, shook hands, took me to his mother, whom I had not before seen, and introduced me. He is a great and strange man. There is quite a furor for his lectures." "I am not going to praise either Mr. Thackeray or his book. I have read, enjoyed, been interested, and after all feel as much woe and sorrow as gratitude and admiration. *What relentless dissection of diseased subjects!*" "His form, his penetration, his pithy simplicity, his eloquence—his manly, sonorous eloquence—command entire admiration. Against his errors I protest. That Thackeray was wrong in his way of treating Fielding's character, my conscience told me. After reading that lecture, I felt that he was wrong, dangerously wrong. Had Thackeray owned a son, grown or growing up, and a son brilliant but reckless, would he have spoken in that light way of courses that led to disgrace and the grave? He speaks of it all as if he theorized; as if he had never been called on in the course of his life to witness the actual consequences of such failings; as if he had never stood by and seen the issue, the final result of it all. I believe, if only once the prospects of a promising life, blasted on the outset by wild ways, had passed close under his eyes, he never could have spoken with such levity of what led to its piteous destruction." Miss Brontë, a lenient judge, and one most unlikely to take too severe a view, has here laid her finger on an obvious blot that disfigures many of Mr. Thackeray's writings. He is fond of representing young

men as "sowing their wild oats," and then becoming useful and respectable members of society. But though they have done *sowing*, have they done reaping? Then, some wild oats have frequently a habit of reappearing throughout life, and a bitter harvest it is. Men frequently pass from the sins of youth to the sins of mature life, and imagine that they have lost their vices when they have only changed them. The ethical system of Mr. Thackeray, so far as he develops it in his works, appears to be inaccurately founded, and, when corrected by knowledge drawn from the highest of all sources, liable to be diverted to a pernicious use.

The "Newcomes," "Esmond," the "Virginians," had added to his wealth and reputation. "Since my return from America," he writes, "I have hardly been in London at all, and, when here, in such a skurry of business and pleasure as never to call a day my own, scarcely." His conversation was often most interesting and instructive. "We remember in particular," writes Mr. Hannay, "one evening after a dinner-party at his house, a fancy picture which he drew of Shakespeare during his last years at Stratford, sitting out in the summer afternoon watching the people." "Latterly," says the same writer, "he had built himself a handsome house in Kensington, to which he moved from Onslow Square, Brompton—his residence after leaving Young Street, where he wrote 'Vanity Fair.' It is on the west side of the palace gardens, of red brick and stone facings, built from a design drawn by himself." In these days he projected and brought out the "Cornhill Magazine," which proved a brilliant success. For some time he edited it; but by-and-by he found reason to complain that the editorial cushion was full of thorns, and relinquished the management, still writing much for it, and carefully elaborating a new story, which he believed would be among the best things he had ever written. In the midst of this life of busy schemes and crowded activity he was suddenly stricken down. Last Christmas Eve a rumour, almost incredulously received, prevailed through London that Thackeray was dead. The next morning the "Times" and other papers confirmed the tidings. He appears to have died instantaneously, during the night-time, from effusion on the brain. He was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. More than fifteen hundred persons, very many of them eminent in science, literature, and art, attended the funeral.

As soon as might be, some notices, brief, but full of pathos and interest, appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine," of which, as we have said, he was the projector, and for long the presiding chief. Very fittingly Mr. Dickens—who has so often been named in connection or in contrast with this other great contemporary master of fiction—wrote the first paper in the number, "In Memoriam." Mr. Dickens notices, as every other writer has done, the remarkable contrast which existed between Mr. Thackeray's biting satire—satire which, in his earliest works at least, was pushed to an extreme length—and his deep affectionate nature and his overflowing tenderness of heart. Mr. Dickens recalls the lines in which Thackeray made his own Pen speak thus in reference to him who wielded it:—

"I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;
The idle word that he'd wish back again."

He also speaks of his delight in children. There was a great charm in Thackeray's most genuine and unaffected love for little children. He loved to hold them by his knee, and rest his hand on their dark or golden hair. "He had a particular delight in boys," says Mr. Dickens, "and an excellent way with them. I re-

member his once asking me, with fantastic gravity, when he had been to Eton, where my eldest son was; whether I felt as he did in regard of never seeing a boy without wanting instantly to give him a sovereign. I thought of this when I looked down into his grave, for I looked down into it over the shoulder of a boy to whom he had been kind."

I look upon Thackeray as especially the writer for thoughtful and cultivated men: his name and fame will be parallel with those of Sterne, and Fielding, and Addison. Let it be said, moreover, that the asperity and cynicism of his writings had become greatly softened down; that he was eminently frank and honest and generous; that he had in his time suffered heavy calamities, endured with admirable patience and gentleness; that he was a sufferer from a chronic illness which caused acute pain, and must often have clouded his spirits. Voices multiplied and sincere testified a heartfelt sorrow at his loss, and testified to the noble and generous qualities he possessed.* But, in endeavouring to arrive at an estimate of the character of his writings, I certainly think that there are important deductions to be made. Though as he grew more prosperous he became more kindly, there is still much in their tone which to many minds must be jarring and repellent.

On this, however, I forbear to dwell. I remember the motto "Nil nisi bonum," and the example which this gifted writer has set in his observance of it. As I conclude these notes I would recall just one more of the autobiographic passages of his writings, one in which the great satirist speaks with a deeper personal feeling than I can remember in any other of his works—speaks of old memories and of penitence and of thankfulness. "It is night now, and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great peace and calm the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past: sorrowful remorses for sins and shortcomings, memories of passionate joys and griefs, rise out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad. . . Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell and the head bow as I pass to the room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it."

LETTERS FROM BOMBAY.

LETTER II.

As you say that you like descriptive letters, I imagine that it may not be uninteresting to you and my other friends at home to accompany me in an evening drive

* A writer in the "North British Review" gives a poetical account of a Sunday evening, in which he indicates deeper feeling about special truths of revealed religion than most readers of Mr. Thackeray's books may have suspected:—"We cannot resist here recalling one Sunday evening in December, when Thackeray was walking with two friends along the Dean Road to the west of Edinburgh—one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening, such a sunset as one never forgets: a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom. Between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender cowslip colour, lucid, and as if it were the very body of heaven in its clearness; every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The north-west end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance, and there a wooden crane, used in the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross. There it was, unmistakably, lifted up against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed he gave utterance, in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice, to what all were feeling, in the word 'CALVARY!' The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things. All that evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking as he seldom did of Divine things—of death, of sin, of eternity, of salvation—expressing his simple faith in God and in his Saviour."

here in the neighbourhood of the great city of Bombay. You are to suppose, then, that the long hot day is nearly over, the fiery sun is going slowly down into the fiery sea on our right, the carriage is at the door. "Chala!" "Drive on!" and off we start. The first thing that we see is a whole tribe of nursery people; of ayahs in their graceful white dresses, men-servants with gay turbans, ponies and perambulators, all in attendance on the pretty babies of the lords of the land. Little tender exotics! they need double care in this country, and look sadly unlike the rosy, romping, shouting darlings in our gardens and parks at home. They come to this airy spot every evening at sunset to "eat the air," according to Hindustani phrase, and some of them look as ethereal as if they never ate anything else. Having passed through this company, not without sundry greetings to our own small friends among them, we drive onwards south. To the right is a field of Indian corn, then a sloping, tangled, mango garden, a mass of creeping plants, gourds, wild fig-trees and brab-trees, a lofty kind of palm which lifts up a huge bunch of fans against a glowing sunset sky over the Indian Ocean. To the left a steep bank slopes down to an inlet of the sea, called Black Bay. We reach the village of Walkeshwar: it is all very quiet now; but a few days ago, during one of their native festivals, you would have thought all Bombay had poured itself out on this spot. The temples here are great places of resort to pilgrims, and they bathe by thousands in a very sacred and very dirty tank of water in the village, after which another bathe in the sea completes the ceremony; but all is comparatively still now. Native houses surround us, with walls painted yellow and blue, and dusty-looking little verandahs; women pass, carrying babies on their sides, or huge brass vases of water on their heads; little covered carriages rattle past, drawn by little trotting cows, and full of men with enormous red turbans; small brown children, handsomely dressed in silver bracelets and nothing else, run across the road straight before our horses, just as they do at home; a "shigram," a kind of small carriage, full of Parsees, meets us, looking like a nest of white owls; and through it all we perceive the peculiar air and smell of a native town, which, if you inhale it once, you will not desire to inhale again. "Chala!" again to the shore. Neat roads, neat fences, and a trimly-kept garden, look most *un-native*: we are approaching the Governor's bungalow, Malabar Point. It looks to an English eye like a number of great barns, with its long, sloping, chimneyless roofs; but they cover handsome rooms and pleasant verandahs, and are better adapted for this climate than many a palace at home would be. Here let us come out of the carriage, and pick our way over hot stones and withered grass to the shore, where the ocean waves are tumbling among the black rocks to the very same old sea-music that they dance to on England's shores. Rocks and waves are the same, and to us islanders the sea is always homelike; but very unlike home is the picture on the other side of us, the group of graceful cocoa-nut palms, swaying their long branches hither and thither in the evening breeze, and near them on the shore a cluster of *idol-temples*. This, thank God, is not homelike.

We return to the carriage with a sketch of palm-trees and temple, and with some tiny flowers bright and blue as the forget-me-nots of England, though nourished in "a dry and thirsty land, where no water is." This dryness and extreme dustiness strike one much at this season (April): in two months, when the rains come, all will be intensely green. From the end of the promontory of Malabar Point we look out upon the boundless

expanse of the Indian Ocean. The sun rests his broad burning disk for a moment on the wave, then drops down slowly, steadily; a group of Parsees all in white kneel on the shore, and, as the object of their worship departs, they take out their books and offer up their ancient forms of prayer in a language which not one of them understands. Vain worshippers! vain worship! The last beam has vanished, and how immediate is the change! What a lurid cold colour succeeds the fiery red of air and ocean! What a sudden fall of temperature when the great flame goes out! It is now truly delicious to stop for a few minutes and "eat the air," so cool, so balmy, so refreshing is the evening breeze from the sea. The road now takes a sharp turn to the left, down a steep descent. In a moment the nimble "gorah-walla" (or groom) from behind is at the heads of the horses, darting left, then right, guiding first one and then another, and back to his perch before one can count a dozen; a constant practice with those native grooms, and one which I doubt not is highly approved of by both coachman and horses. And now I wish that we were going up, rather than down hill, or that I had any excuse for stopping to photograph well into my mind the lovely view before us. First, a foreground of fantastic black rocks, draped with rich festoons of verdure, and garlands of strange bright flowers:—

"Droops the heavy-blossomed bower; hangs the heavy-fruited tree."

Beneath the bank lie the waters of the calm blue bay, with large white birds gliding over it. Beyond this stretches out the Peninsula of Colaba, with its lighthouse and church, tall palms and white buildings. Farther to the left is Bombay itself, its cathedral, fort, public buildings, and Esplanade, all glittering bright on the other side of the bay. This curious long Peninsula of Colaba may be compared to the forefinger of one's left hand, while the smaller peninsula of Malabar Hill, on which we stand, is represented by the thumb. In place of the rest of the fingers we find the noble harbour of Bombay, with all its beautiful shipping and hilly island, backed by the grand range of mountains, which rise to a great height, glowing in the rich red light sprung up again from the departed sun; some of them wooded to the very top, while others are crowned, as it were, with mimic castles which we can hardly believe to be natural, and not the work of man's hand.

Having gazed at this lovely view—

"Till all the crimson changed and passed
Into deep orange o'er the sea,"

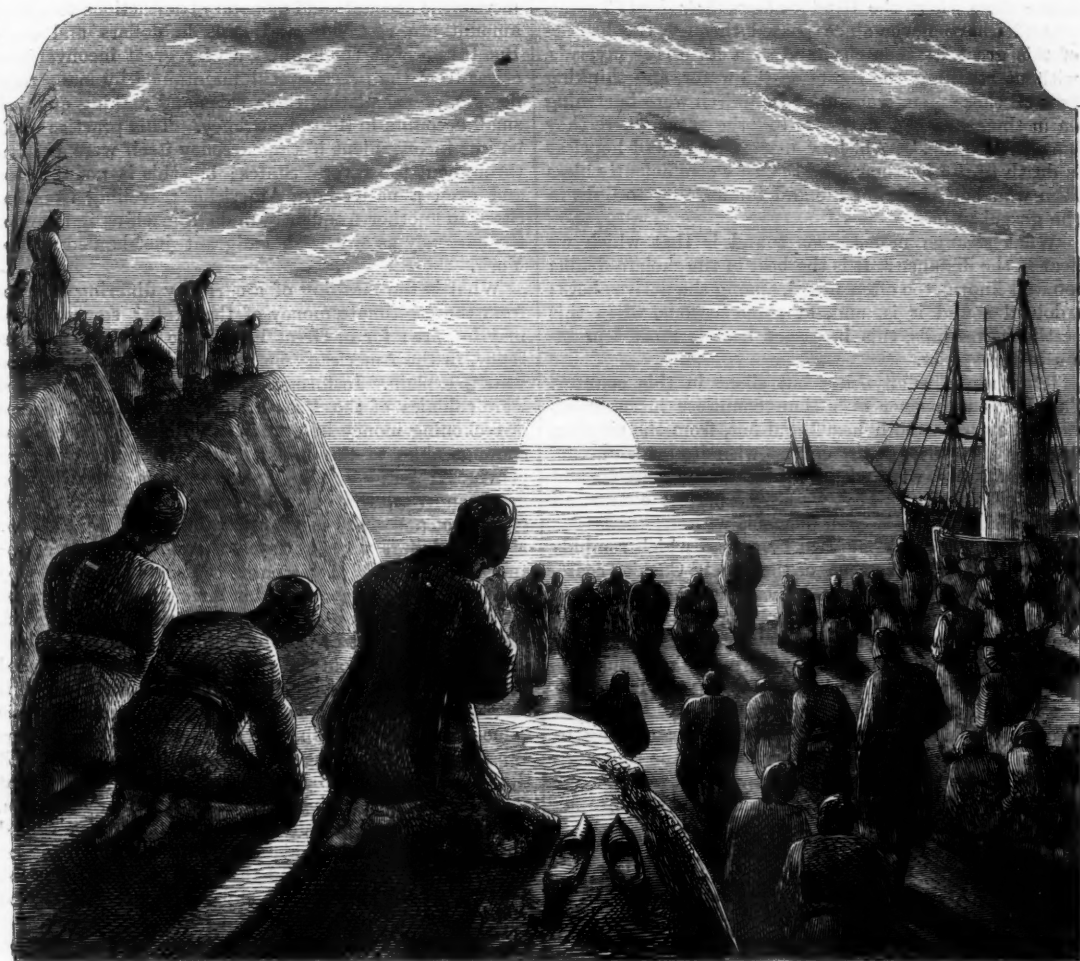
we proceed along the road below the bank—for the twilight is not so very short as I had expected—and instead of going home we shall go down to Chowpatty; and, while the fashionables of Bombay are listening on the Esplanade to the concluding crash of the band, we will go and hear some music too, but of a very different kind; namely, the evening hymn of the orphan girls in one of the missionary schools.

Very lovely is the drive along the foot of the cliffs. The steep banks are covered with foliage of various kinds: date palms of every sort and size are perched, as if for effect, on the red and black masses of rock; graceful feathery casuarinas quiver in the breeze, the only representatives to be found here of the pine tribe. Coral-trees, with splendid red flowers, tempt me to gather them, and large, deep-yellow, bell-shaped blossoms gleam out of dark-green bowers of foliage.

Among the strange masses of basaltic rocks above the road, a whole colony of coolies have planted themselves, and live by breaking stones: there they are with their huts, goats, and funny little brown babies; and a hot enough

dwelling-place it must be, between the sun and the stones. The bay farther on is covered with innumerable fishing-boats: they have folded their long sails, as sea-birds fold their wings, and now lie anchored for the night under

risk of his neck, and we find ourselves at the door of the modest mission-house. It is not my intention at present to examine the children, nor to describe the school, like a government inspector. The girls crowd round the



PARSEES SUN WORSHIPPING.

the lee of the hill. What a hideous noise the men are making in these boats, with their drums and tomtoms! I can only forgive the badness of their music in consideration of the goodness of the fish with which they supply our breakfast-table.

We pass several large and handsome native houses—plainly known to be native by their carefully closed glass windows. What salamanders the inmates must be! Some of them are seated at a gate, watching the passers-by; they are Parsees, and have a singularly Jewish cast of face. Their ladies are sitting in the verandah, not unwilling to be seen, and are probably wondering as much at our bonnets and crinolines as we are at their gorgeous yellow and crimson satin draperies, and the white fillet across their foreheads, which completely hides the hair, and gives a ghastly look to their sallow countenances: many of their children, however, are truly beautiful little creatures.

Now we get among the cocoa-nut groves of Chowpatty and Girgaum. A whole city nestles beneath them. A few more turns of the road, in which the nimble gorahwalla distinguishes himself by hopping up and down at the

carriage to welcome us, having just finished their supper of curry and rice; their dark eyes are lighted up with intelligence as they answer our questions; and, when they stand together and join in sweetly singing the old familiar evening hymn, their simple music thrills our hearts. We think of what they are, and of what they would have been, in their deep heathen darkness, had not a saving hand been extended, and a loving heart opened, to those little daughters of India, to lead them to the foot of the cross! We turn from the orphanage with a prayer that God would bless the work and the worker in her labour of love.

The shadows now thicken round us, but the moon has risen, and how exquisite is her light! Those cocoa-nut trees never look so beautiful as in this light. "The garish eye of day" shows them too well; but now, in the soft silver light, their tall stems and long drooping branches or leaves blend over each other with wondrous dreaming beauty; lights gleam here and there, from the dwellings all through these groves; mysterious paths lead here and there into their recesses, and, beyond them all, behold the soft glimmering of the moonlit sea. A

blaze of cheerful-looking lights on the shore attracts the eye. "What is it? Some festive scene of illumination, probably. How prettily the long rays quiver on the water." My reader, you will never admire them so much again, when you have once received the answer, "That is the place where the Hindoos burn their dead!"

And I have never since passed through the bazaars of this great heathen city, and seen its dusky myriads, without recalling the lights on the water, and thinking how all these men, women, and children were hastening on in their heathen darkness to "the place where they burn their dead!" Ah, how utterly black and hopeless is death to the heathen mind! Can we sufficiently bless Him who hath brought life and immortality to light in the gospel?

What strange monotonous sound is that which we hear in the distance? It is the beat of the cholera-drum; too well known, too often heard, among the natives here; a doleful sound it is, and, at some seasons, when this pestilence prevails, this incessant beat is most depressing to the spirits.

Truly night is anything but silent in this country. The day is no sooner over than countless insect tribes make themselves both heard and felt, from the singing, stinging mosquito, to the cricket with its loud, unceasing sound; and, what with the frogs in the marshes and the jackals in the jungles, we have a perfect concert all night, which we could well dispense with.

We return to Malabar Hill by a road which reminds me of pictures I have seen of the lovely Cornice coast, with its picturesque turns and glittering white buildings crowning the rocks; only the palm-trees are more developed here, and we see the plantains with their giant leaves like tattered banners waving in the moonlight.

My letter is, perhaps, already too long. It is time that I should bring you home; but, alas, no one speaks of "going home" in India, unless they mean going to England! The palm-trees are around us, the Southern Cross is rising over the sea, and even could we shut our eyes to these, the warm air would tell us that we are far indeed from home.

DOLLARS AND CENTS.

In intimate connection with Wall Street operations and the banking system of the United States, stand the various and intricate currency regulations of the United States and Canada. I include the currency system of the Canadas in this connection, because, though under separate governments and political institutions, the United States and the British provinces are closely allied in their commercial, monetary, and other business transactions.

At the first glance nothing seems to be more simple and facile of comprehension than the American system of reckoning money in dollars and cents; and, if no other method were in use, nothing could be more simple in reality. With the single exception of the 3 cent piece, a piece of money coined expressly for postal purposes (three cents being the uniform rate of letter postage throughout the United States, excepting to California, to which place six cents is the charge), the decimal coinage is carried out in all the purely American coinage, which consists of cents only, in copper or zinc; 5, 10, 25, and 50 cent-pieces in silver; and 2½, 5, 10, and 20 dollar pieces in gold. A few years since 3 dollar pieces were coined, and a few 50 dollar octagon-shaped coins were issued from the California mint; but these pieces of money were subsequently called in, the 3 dollar piece

not being a decimal coin, and the 50 dollar, or £10 piece, being cumbersome and weighty to carry. Throughout the United States dollars and cents, and their decimal parts, are the only coins recognised by the Government, or accepted at the different Government offices; and all mercantile accounts and monetary transactions to a large amount are reckoned and kept in dollars and cents. But throughout the country a very great inconvenience arises from the practice still maintained by many retail dealers, of calculating their sales and making out their small accounts in the old currency. This practice would be less inconvenient if the currency itself were uniform throughout the several States; but this is not the case, and even a native-born American travelling from one State to another frequently finds himself as ignorant of the currency as any Irish emigrant just landed at New York.

What is the meaning of a currency differing in value from the legitimate money of the State? some persons may inquire; for in Great Britain we have no such currency, in the American sense of the term. I will endeavour to explain. In former days, when the United States were colonies of the British empire, the British system of reckoning money in pounds, shillings, and pence was common alike to the colonies and the preser^t British provinces; but, specie being scarce, as it generally is in new countries, the coins of every nation were readily current at a certain regulated valuation. Spanish and Mexican dollars were, however, the most common coins; and hence, probably, originated the custom of *reckoning* in dollars, which was adopted in America from its earliest settlement by Europeans, though, as I have observed, accounts were kept in pounds, shillings, and pence.

The scarcity of gold and silver coin, however, enhanced its value, and necessitated the adoption of a colonial currency similar in denomination, but of less intrinsic value than the British currency, or sterling money. What is now styled the Halifax currency, which is still the currency of the British American provinces, was at one period the prevailing currency of the United States. Thus, the silver Spanish or Mexican dollar was valued (to quote entire figures) at four shillings sterling and at five shillings currency, and the gold pound sterling at five dollars, or twenty-five shillings currency (still to quote entire figures, and cast out fractions).

The British crown, or five-shilling piece, was valued at six shillings and one penny currency; the half-crown at three shillings and one halfpenny; the shilling at fifteenpence; and the sixpence at sevenpence halfpenny—a valuation still maintained in the British American provinces. When, however, the War of Independence broke out between the colonies and the mother country, specie, or coined money, became scarcer still. The established currency was disturbed, in consequence of the increased value of gold and silver compared with other commodities; and, to meet the exigencies of the times, a currency was adopted varying in different sections of the country, according to the greater scarcity of coin in some parts than in others. Thus, in New York and other central States, the silver dollar (which was always regarded as the standard) was valued at eight shillings currency, and the pound sterling, consequently, at forty shillings currency. In the New England States the dollar was valued at six shillings currency, and the pound sterling at thirty shillings; while in some of the Southern States coin became so scarce that the dollar was valued at ten shillings currency, and the pound sterling at fifty shillings.

When, at length, the independence of the revolted States was acknowledged, and business affairs settled

down into order and regularity, it is probable that these awkward divergences from the ancient currency of the colonies would have been rectified, and the former system restored, had not the British monetary system been altogether abolished, and a decimal currency of dollars and cents substituted in its stead. It is, however, one of the most difficult things imaginable to get a people to adopt a new system of reckoning money and keeping accounts, even though it be easier and simpler than the old one; and for many years, notwithstanding that dollars and cents were the only denominations of money recognised by the Government, the people continued to reckon, in pounds, shillings, and pence, those of each section, according to their own particular system of currency, and thus the disarranged currency became perpetuated in its disarrangement. For though in course of time the general custom of reckoning in pounds, shillings, and pence wore away, the retail dealers and petty shopkeepers, in the New England States particularly, but more or less in other States, continue to make out their small accounts in pounds, shillings, and pence, to the present day; the motive no doubt being the advantage they can take of the odd half cent which this system of reckoning entails, in making their change. The difficulty and inconvenience and loss which this practice entails upon travellers may be illustrated as follows:—

We will suppose an Englishman to have just arrived in Canada—though a native American travelling from one State to another will be subjected to a similar loss and inconvenience, since few Americans are conversant with the currency beyond their own native State—but, for the sake of making the subject clear, we will suppose an Englishman to have just arrived in Canada, and to be in ignorance, as nine persons out of ten would be under similar circumstances, of the currency of the country.

His first surprise will probably meet him on landing at Quebec; for he will be eager to purchase some of the fruit, which the *habitants* are accustomed to carry to the wharves to tempt the appetites of the strangers just off a long sea voyage. He buys a pennyworth of apples, and offers sixpence in payment. To his astonishment he receives sixpence halfpenny change, in Canadian coppers, and his fruit into the bargain. He thinks there must be some mistake, but the dealer insists that all is right; and as the purchaser cannot understand the *habitant's* Canadian French *patois*, he goes on his way, thinking that the poor man is determined to cheat himself. He next makes a purchase in a dry-goods store (*Anglice*, linen-draper's shop) to the amount, he is told, of three shillings and ninepence. He of course places three shillings and ninepence upon the counter, but the odd ninepence are returned to him; and then he learns that three shillings sterling are three and ninepence Halifax or Canadian currency, at five shillings to the silver dollar. He goes to New York, and there makes a similar purchase; but he is only required to pay forty-seven cents, or about one shilling and elevenpence English, and is informed that there are twelve and a half cents to the "York" shilling, and eight shillings to the dollar, New York currency. The shopkeeper has also made half a cent extra profit on his goods, on account of the impossibility of returning half a cent in change.

Our traveller proceeds from New York to Boston, and in the latter city again makes a purchase to the amount of three shillings and ninepence, and, as he is still on United States territory, he of course thinks he is right in tendering a similar sum to that paid in New York; but he finds that sixty-two cents are demanded from

him, or about two shillings and sixpence English, and he is told that there are sixteen and a half cents to the shilling, or six shillings to the dollar, New England currency. From Boston he proceeds to Charleston, South Carolina, where once again he purchases goods to the value of three shillings and ninepence; but here he discovers that he is called upon to pay only thirty-eight cents, or about one shilling and sixpence English, since in South Carolina currency there are ten cents to the shilling, and ten shillings to the dollar, though here also the shopkeeper contrives to gain his half cent additional profit by making out his bill in currency instead of in dollars and cents, in consequence of the impossibility of making even cents out of the odd ninepence currency.

Half a cent is but an infinitesimal fraction over a farthing; but I am told that many British tradesmen make a good thing out of the farthings in change which "genteel" customers contemptuously refuse to trouble themselves with; and so do the "cute" yankee traders out of the half cents they continue to squeeze out of those customers who are not up to the trick, and who do not insist upon their bills being rendered in legitimate dollars and cents. Up to 1852-3 this currency annoyance was rendered more annoying and perplexing in consequence of the practice that prevailed throughout the States of taking or giving in change, over the counter, Spanish quarter dollars, and pistareens and French francs and half-francs, and German florins and guilders, and English half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences, as well as lesser silver coins; in fact, the current coins of all nations, at a certain specified valuation, which could be found by referring to the "Bank Bill Directories." The specified value of these foreign coins was, however, liable to depreciation, accordingly as the coins were worn or dilapidated; and the value of worn or dilapidated foreign coins was determined at the will or caprice of any person who chose to consider that they had done duty at their specified value long enough. All that was necessary in such case was to scratch a cross diagonally on the face of the coin, when it immediately diminished in value. For instance, I have taken in change, at the rate of twenty-five cents, a Spanish or Mexican quarter dollar, perhaps worn so smooth that the device upon its face is scarcely distinguishable. I enter a shop, or "store," and make a purchase, and tender in payment, among other change, my smooth Spanish quarter. The shopkeeper happens to be in a bad humour, or from some cause or another he is unusually sharp. He singles out my smooth quarter, marks a cross upon it, and says,

"That quarter ain't worth no more nor twenty cents."

"But," I reply, "I have just received it for twenty-five cents."

"No matter; 'taint worth only twenty cents now. See the cross upon it."

"But you marked the cross."

"Well, it has done dooty long enough. 'Taint worth only twenty cents now."

This is all the satisfaction I can get. I may take it back if I choose, or the shopman will receive it with five cents additional, and I may as well pay that sum, for no one will give me more than twenty cents for my defaced coin.

There was one tiny coin, however, which strangely held its own in spite of all defacement. The Spanish *real*, or "sixpenny bit," as it was termed, valued at six cents, passed current for that sum long after it was so worn as to be merely a thin, smooth wafer of silver, not worth intrinsically three cents. It was no uncommon

occurrence at this period for workmen in silver to take a small piece of silver metal, beat it flat and cut it round, about the size of a small note wafer, and then sally forth to the next public-house and exchange the improvised coin for a six cent drink. At length the evil became so glaring that these dilapidated coins were called in, and a pure American coinage substituted in their place, though foreign coin in good preservation was still current at a certain legalized valuation up to the commencement of the civil war. Since the suspension of specie payment, coin of any description is eagerly sought after, and accepted at a liberal premium, in paper, above its nominal value.

The comparative circulation of gold and paper money in great Britain and the United States has always been in an inverse ratio; for whereas in England the labourer or mechanic, or most people in the receipt of weekly wages, rarely handle bank-notes, the similar classes in the United States are very rarely paid their wages in gold, or even in silver, beyond a very limited amount. Still there is one State which has always enjoyed the—according to British prejudices—enviable privilege of a genuine specie currency.

The United States Mint and Assay Office are situated in the city of Philadelphia, State of Pennsylvania; and though New York has often sought to wrest this advantage from its sister State, and to get the Mint of the United States transferred to its own great commercial metropolis, it has hitherto been unsuccessful, and in Philadelphia the United States Mint still remains, though there is a branch mint in San Francisco, and a Government Assay Office in Wall Street, New York.

In Philadelphia, and throughout the State of Pennsylvania—for no other reason that I can conceive, except that the coin of the country is issued from that State—one, two, and three dollar bills, so numerous elsewhere, are prohibited. No Pennsylvanian bill must be of lesser denomination than five dollars, or one pound sterling, and the bills of any other State, of less denomination than five dollars, are forbidden to be offered or accepted under a heavy penalty. Of course this is a State law; and though it is evaded—New York State and other bills being freely taken from strangers and travellers at the hotels and large commercial houses—it has the good effect of keeping Pennsylvania tolerably free from the numberless counterfeit bills that are to be met with elsewhere, and which frequently pass current for a long while before they are detected and exposed in the "Bank Directory;" it causes a greater amount of specie to be current in Pennsylvania than in any other State, and it has established the monetary system of the State on a firmer and more satisfactory basis than that of any other section of the country.

The cause of this extensive circulation of paper money, in bills or notes of small value, and of the free circulation of foreign coin, and of the existence of so many banks of issue in every part of the country, requires to be explained to many English readers, who are used to an abundant circulation of gold and silver, and who look upon paper money only as a necessary medium in business transactions of the heavier description; yet it is sufficiently apparent. The United States is a country of boundless resources, sparingly populated in comparison with its vast extent of territory; while, until the discovery of the mineral wealth of California, it was very scantily supplied with silver and gold, when its immense commerce and its enormous business transactions are considered. Its people are naturally fond of speculation; and though they frequently speculate rashly and recklessly, and bring upon themselves periodical monetary

crises which involve them in temporary trouble, they are conscious of their resources, and of their abundant recuperative powers. They had not, nor have they had ever since the discovery of the auriferous wealth of California—for that discovery has only served to increase their speculations—a sufficient specie basis for their business transactions with each other and with foreign countries. It was and is necessary to provide specie for the payment of their imports from abroad, over and above the value of their exports, and therefore they are compelled to the issue of a paper currency among themselves, being satisfied of their ultimate solvency, in consequence of every extension of territory, every opening out of new territory, every increase of population by immigration or otherwise, and every new business enterprise adding to their material wealth, and providing for the redemption of their paper currency.

What will be the result of the present fratricidal war remains to be seen; but, immediately prior to its outbreak, the balance of exchange with Great Britain was for the first time in favour of the United States. Wonderful predictions were made as to the mighty future in store for them, when the war burst forth to check their pride, and, it is to be hoped, to restrain it within moderate bounds in the future, and prove to their people that there exists a Power to whom they, with all their wealth and pride, and seemingly unbounded resources, are as nought. It is for them to take the severe lesson they are receiving to heart, and to profit by it.

Before I close I will find space to relate an amusing anecdote relating to the Canadian currency, the truth of which I vouch for. Some years since, two Scotch immigrants, just arrived at Montreal, went to the shop of a Mr. Rattray,* a noted tobacconist of that city, and also a Scotchman, to replenish their stock of snuff. One of the twain entered the shop, and with true Scotch frugality asked for a bawbee's worth of sneezin'. The snuff was measured out to him, and he offered sixpence in payment, and of course received sevenpence in change.

"Ye've gien me too muckle, mon," said the honest Scotchman, displaying his seven pennies in change.

"No; all right, my man," replied Mr. Rattray.

"But there's seven pennies, see, and I gave ye but a saxpence!"

"All right, I tell you," repeated Mr. Rattray; and the Scotchman quitted the shop and rejoined his companion, to whom he showed his snuff and his change.

Something in the manner of the two immigrants induced Mr. Rattray to follow them unperceived, as they walked away, and in a few minutes the same man that had made the purchase entered the next tobacconist's shop, and again asked for a bawbee's worth of sneezin', again tendering a sixpence in payment, and again, of course, receiving seven Canadian pennies in change.

"Ye've gien me too muckle. I only gave ye a saxpence," repeated the Scotchman; and a second time he was assured that all was right, and that a sixpence, English money, passed for sevenpence halfpenny currency.

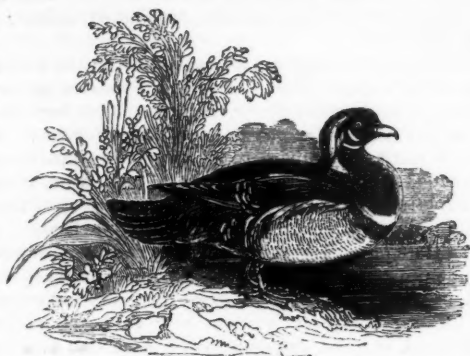
This time Sandy walked forth from the shop in triumph, saying, as he rejoined his expectant companion, "It's a' richt, Andrew. They've gien me my seven pennies again; but ay, mon, it's a bra' country this, where a man aye gits ane bawbee's worth o' sneezin' and seven pennies for ane siller saxpence!"

The poor man had yet to learn that, if sixpence sterling was worth sevenpence halfpenny in copper currency, it was but a siller saxpence after all.

* I heard the anecdote from Rattray himself, since deceased.

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AMERICAN WILDFOWL.

THE SUMMER DUCK (*Anas sponsa*).

MIGRATORY birds are becoming every year scarcer in England. The stork has never, or very rarely, been seen of late years; the cranes, too, have quite disappeared from the fens in Cambridgeshire, whilst at the decoys there are no such "takes" now-a-days as those recorded by Pennant:—"Amazing numbers of ducks, widgeons, and teals are taken; by an account sent us of the number caught a few winters past, in one season, and in only ten decoys, in the neighbourhood of Wainfleet, it appeared to amount to 31,200."

Increase of population, and the reclamation of lands by draining, for agricultural purposes, which were formerly only fitted to support a "wisp" of snipe, account for this diminution of our feathered visitants. The mild winters which this country has enjoyed of late years have been somewhat against the wildfowlers, as the birds have been wild; and the gunners long for another month like the January of 1855.

Abroad, in the New World, the wildfowl are much more tame than with us. Breeding far away towards the pole, where nobody has ever been able to reach, they hatch and bring up their young in security, and in incredible numbers. By the time the short polar summer is ended, and the cold weather rapidly coming on, they start for the south again with their young, by this time grown strong, halting for a few weeks on the great northern lakes and rivers, but gradually retreating before the frost, which freezes up their feeding-grounds, until they are at last driven by the weather, towards the end of October or beginning of November, as far south as the Southern States, Mexico, and Central America, where they remain in tolerable safety amongst the inland lakes and lagoons.

Speaking of these annual migrations Dr. Richardson observes that they are "of great importance in the fur countries, as they furnish at certain seasons in the year, in many extensive districts, almost the only article of food that can be procured. The arrival of the waterfowl marks the commencement of spring, and diffuses as much joy amongst the wandering hunters of the arctic regions as the harvest or vintage excites in more genial climes. The period of their migration southwards again, in large flocks, at the close of summer, is another season of plenty, bountifully granted to the natives, and fitting them for encountering the rigour and privations of a northern winter. The *Anatides* have therefore very naturally been observed more attentively than any other family of birds, both by the Indians and white residents of the fur countries."

In the neighbourhood of large towns such as New Orleans, when there was a market for them, many were

killed by the poor amphibious people living in the swamps, who, oystermen and fishermen in the summer, and wildfowlers in the winter, gained a tolerable subsistence by their pursuit; but the quantity thus killed, and the few killed by the settlers for their tables, were scarcely a millionth part of the clouds of wildfowl that came into the country; hundreds of thousands returned each year, when spring came round again, to their breeding haunts, who had never heard the report of a gun.

The ornithologist with means would be amply rewarded by a winter's campaign amongst the bayous of Louisiana and Texas; for, however carefully and indefatigably Audubon and Wilson may have laboured, they have unavoidably missed several birds. I regret, now that it is too late, that I never learnt something of taxidermy, as I believe, in my shooting excursions in Texas, I have killed several birds that are unknown in any collection, one especially, a small striped water-rail, about the size of our common house-sparrow.

The American woodcock (*Scolopax minor*) is about one third smaller than the European, seldom measuring more than twenty inches in stretch of wing, or weighing above nine ounces. Its breast feathers are much redder, and not at all of the cream colour of our bird. It frequents the cotton-fields at night, when there has been rain, running down the furrows between the rows and boring for the small red worms which the rain has brought towards the surface. Hundreds of these are killed at night by torchlight; the glare, dazzling their eyes, confuses them, so that they can be easily knocked on the head with a bamboo cane.

The American snipe (*Scolopax Wilsonii*) is like the English full snipe in every point but one, that of having sixteen tail feathers, the European only having fourteen. The margin of every prairie pond, every slough and swamp, abounds with them, their only enemies, too, in the south being perhaps a wandering Britisher and the different kinds of hawks; for the Americans regard them as being too small, and not worth a charge of powder and shot. There are no jack-snipe in America: those erroneously so called are sand-pipers, the pectoral sand-piper (*Tringa pectoralis*) generally being thus mistaken.

The common wild duck (*Anas boschas*) of which the male is called the mallard in Europe, and the green-head in America (*Capo verde* among the French) is precisely the same in both the Old World and the New. It is so well known, hanging as it does at all the poulterers' shops, as to need no description.

The widgeon (*Anas vel mareca Americana*) is perfectly distinct from the European species, though very nearly allied. Far to the north, in the immense morasses of Labrador and Boothia Felix, far beyond where the foot of civilized man has ever trod, it breeds in peace; but, as soon as the brief and ardent summer is ended, it takes its course southward, seeking out the wild rice (*Zizania panicula effusa*) swamps or waters, in which the wild celery (*Valisneria Americana*) grows, being almost entirely a vegetable feeder; and on these plants, as well as the eel-grass (*Zostera marina*), it fattens fast, being entirely free from any fishy flavour when prepared for the table. It frequents the same waters as the canvas-back duck, with whom it lives in constant strife; for, not being so good a diver as the duck, it watches that bird dive for the wild celery roots, and as soon as the canvas-back makes its appearance after a successful dive, the widgeon is ready to seize the prize and make off with it.

They are often "toled," or lured within shot, by means of dogs. The shooter, having his gun and himself con-

cealed by some reed-screens, makes his dogs gambol about on the shore, and these seem to fascinate and attract the widgeon; and the same flock has been known to be enticed in this manner within shooting distance three times in an hour.

The canvas-back is esteemed the king of American wildfowl, and the drake, when in full plumage, is a very handsome bird; but it is not for his size or plumage, but for the table, that he is so valued; and yet the flavour depends entirely upon the locality in which he is shot. Shot away from the Chesapeake and its tributaries, or where the wild celery is not, the canvas-back duck (*Fuligula valisneria*) is no better than many other varieties of ducks.

The plant *Valisneria*, to which this duck is so much indebted for his fame, grows only on fresh-water shoals,* in water from seven to nine feet, which are never left bare at the lowest tides. It is a long grass-like plant, with narrow leaves of five or six feet in length, sometimes more, and grows so thickly that a boat can scarcely be pulled through it; the root is white, and somewhat resembles celery: from this resemblance it derives its name.

The green-winged teal (*Anas Carolinensis*) is almost the same as the European, a broad transverse white bar anterior to the wings alone distinguishing it.

The blue-winged teal (*Anas discors*) is rather larger than the before-mentioned bird. I believe it has never been found in this country, and that it is a purely American variety.

The summer or wood-duck (*Anas sponsa*) is the prettiest of all the duck tribe, and is common throughout all the United States and Mexico; and, according to Wilson, it is found in the West India Islands.

This duck chooses for her nest some hole made in a tree by a woodpecker or squirrel, twenty or thirty feet from the ground; and when her young are hatched she bears them upon her back to the water. Wilson mentions the following:—

"On the 18th May I visited a tree containing the nest of a summer duck, on the banks of the Tuckahoe River, New Jersey. It was an old, grotesque, white oak, whose top had been torn off by a storm. It stood on the declivity of a bank about twenty yards from the water. In this hollow and broken top, and about six feet down, on the soft, decayed wood, lay thirteen eggs, snugly covered with down, doubtless taken from the breast of the bird. These eggs were of an oval shape, less than those of a hen, the surface exceedingly fine-grained, and of the highest polish, and slightly yellowish, greatly resembling old polished ivory.

"This tree had been occupied, probably by the same pair, for four successive years, in breeding-time; the person who gave me the information, and whose house was within twenty or thirty yards of the tree, said that he had seen the female, the spring preceding, carry down thirteen young, one by one, in less than ten minutes. She caught them in her bill by the wing, or back of the neck, and landed them safely at the foot of the tree, whence she afterwards led them to the water. Under the same tree, at the time I visited it, a large sloop lay on the stocks nearly finished; the deck was not more than twelve feet distant from the nest; yet, notwithstanding the presence and noise of the workmen, the ducks would not abandon their old breeding-place, but continued to pass out and in, as if no person had been near."

* Shoals at the mouths of large rivers or heads of bays, which, though affected by the tides, are still kept tolerably fresh by the volumes of river-water pouring over them.

Although there are a great number of other ducks, shovellers, pintails, pochards, spoonbills, etc., they are all, except perhaps the pintails, considered inferior to those described.

Several varieties of geese migrate south in the winter; of these the Canada goose (*Anas Canadensis*) is perhaps the best, though some prefer the brent (*Anas bernicha*), and others the snow goose (*Anas hyperboreus*). All these frequent the prairies to graze, and are then easily approached and killed by a mounted man, who, riding in a circle around them, gradually draws in upon them until within shot. The wild swan is the largest, as well as the noblest-looking of the American wild-fowls.

Some immense cranes of snowy whiteness migrate south in the winter, as do the great blue sand-hill cranes. The bittern (*Ardea lentiginosa*), now so nearly extinct in England, is quite common in the American swamps, though there he has various names—Indian hen, the quawk, the dunkadoo, etc.

Nowhere the wide world over could the ancient sport of falconry be enjoyed so well as on those immense prairies, in some of whose sloughs these birds are found; for each motion, both of pursued and pursuers, could be watched in the pure clear air, whilst no fences would prevent the most timid of fair equestrians from sharing in the gallop after the quarry.

THE ELECTRESS OF BRANDENBURG'S HYMN.*

Translated by Johanna Carr.

Jesus, my Saviour and my trust,
Still lives. What should I fear?
Can I not leave to him my dust,
With confidence and cheer?
E'en death's unknown and gloomy vale
Need not my soul with dread assail.

Jesus my Saviour lives! and I
His glorious life shall share;
With my Redeemer mount the sky,
And breathe celestial air.
Away with fear! No head would leave
Its members in the tomb to grieve.

Thus firmly bound by Hope's strong chain,
I hold him with the grasp of faith;
Nor hell nor sin shall e'er retain
My ransomed soul in realms of death;
My Lord hath purchased me with blood:
His power will make the purchase good.

This earth-born body must consume:
"Dust to dust;" its doom is passed;
But I know that from the tomb
Christ will bid it rise at last,
That with himself I may enjoy
Unending glory in the sky.

Now faith anticipates the hour
When I in flesh shall see
Jesus, who stooped from heaven's power
To bleed and die for me:
Then shall this tongue loud anthems sing
In honour of my Saviour King.

These very eyes, in realms above,
Shall then my Saviour know;
This very heart return his love
With corresponding glow:
Nor aught of me be wanting then,
But outward weakness, inward sin.

That which here sickened, pined, and sighed,
Shall there be fresh and fair:
Though earth to earth be re-allied,
And woo corruption there,
My frame remoulded yet shall rise,
And bloom immortal in the skies.

* This beautiful hymn, prized and sung by pious Germans in all parts of the world, was written by Henrietta Louisa, wife of Frederick William, surnamed the Great Elector. The Crown Prince of Prussia, husband of the English Princess Royal, is the lineal descendant of the good Electress.

Rejoice, my members! weak and frail,
 Jesus sustains your weight:
 Let neither fear nor doubt assail
 At view of Death's dark gate.
 His trumpet's tomb-arousing tone
 Will gather every scattered bone.

Then laugh the gloomy grave to scorn,
 Laugh, too, at death and hell;
 For through the air we shall be borne,
 With Christ our Lord to dwell,
 Then grief and care shall melt away
 In the bright beams of endless day.

But let me strive to lift my soul
 Above earth's low desires,
 And press on to the heavenly goal,
 And fan the heavenly fires,
 Until my heart rise, Lord, to thee,
 Where I for ever long to be!

MADINGLEY HALL.

The pretty village of Madingley, some three miles from Cambridge, is one of the best known villages in England. It is a favourite point for a constitutional walk. How many a scholar or mathematician, how many of those who have attained to a national renown, have enjoyed the quiet walk past pleasant fields and lanes to Madingley! The old manor-house, the seat of the Cotton family, is called Madingley Hall. It stands on a slight eminence, and is a fine Elizabethan structure. It is somewhat similar in appearance to Holland House, Kensington. In the front of the house there is a lake, and all around the grounds are beautifully wooded. The church of Madingley is situated in the park itself; it is a small neat structure, with a stone perpendicular spire and two porches, the nave of five arches, lofty tower, and chancel arches. Over the communion-table is a painted window, and the church has some monuments to members of the family at the Hall. The Hall itself was first built by an English judge, Mr. Justice Hind, in the reign of Henry VIII; and though the present structure is chiefly Elizabethan, there are still some traces of the original edifice. A female descendant of the judge, marrying into the Cotton family, brought the Hall to its present possessors. There are portraits of the Cotton family by those great portrait painters of their day, Lely and Kneller; among which is that of the statesman Craggs, whose daughter married into the Cotton family; though not the same family as that of the illustrious founder of the Cottonian Library. The last baronet died last year.

The chief modern interest attaching to Madingley Hall is that the Prince of Wales resided there in the year 1861, while he was pursuing his studies in the University of Cambridge. The town and university looked forward with great interest to the time when the Prince should take up his residence among them. Various paragraphs appeared in the papers, stating how the rooms were undergoing renovation, and how H. R. H.'s furniture was being removed from his old Oxford quarters to Cambridgeshire. It was on the 18th of January 1861 that the Prince of Wales took up his abode at Madingley; it was done without the slightest ostentation. There was no pealing of bells, and the services of a Cambridge guard of honour were declined; but when the Prince's carriage had gone halfway down the parish the horses were taken out, and a number of sturdy labourers were allowed to yoke themselves in and drag it to the entrance gate of the park. The Incumbent presented to the Prince a poem for the occasion, by the Rev. Charles Tennyson Turner, the brother of the Poet Laureate, and himself a poet of no ordinary excellence. We extract from this a few verses well

worthy of remembrance. The first alludes to the Prince's recent return from America, a voyage which had been much prolonged by stress of weather—

"Heaven, through all jeopardy,
 Over the mighty sea,
 Watched thy return;
 Welcome home, welcome here,
 Now more than ever dear,
 Britain's true Prince and heir,
 Come to sojourn.

"Hard by the ancient seat
 Where all the muses meet,
 Long ages since!
 Science and lore be thine,
 Wisdom and truth divine,
 Through all thy learning shine.
 God teach our Prince!

"So shall thy father's heart
 Beat to thy high desert,
 With love intense;
 So shall thy country's eye
 Rest on thee loyally,
 While every voice shall cry,
 God bless our Prince!

"And when the parting day
 Calls thee hence far away,
 Far away hence;
 Still in our memory,
 Fresh shall thy image be,
 As when we sung to thee,
 'Long live our Prince!'"

That evening a treat was given in the schoolroom, and the village was illuminated.

At first both the town and university appear to have been slightly puzzled with the popular reception of the illustrious undergraduate. With instinctive good taste he was very much left to himself, and took his walks and drives without being subjected to any annoying amount of attention. At Oxford the Prince had been noted for his exemplary regularity at college chapel. At Cambridge he only attended chapel occasionally, the distance between Madingley Hall and Trinity College making regularity impracticable. The Prince always attended the services in the simple village church of the parish in which he resided. The service here, the village children the only choir, an harmonium the only instrument, form a strong contrast to the "thunder-music" of the cathedral-like chapels of King's and Trinity. The Prince is stated to have been extremely pleased with his Madingley home, the mansion, and the grounds. He was, of course, a prominent object on all public occasions, such as the conferring of degrees in the Senate House. Otherwise he would quickly drive or ride into Cambridge, to read law at Downing College, or to listen to Professor Kingsley's lectures in Fitzwilliam Street, or elsewhere to pursue his classical and mathematical studies. The education of the heir-apparent has indeed been one of unexampled variety and completeness. At Cambridge, its last formal stage, when the practical business of life had already opened on His Royal Highness by his visit to America, the same extensive application to study does not appear to have been contemplated by his advisers, which was cultivated at Bonn and at Oxford. On one occasion, when the Prince was visiting the Duke of Newcastle, a Cambridge journal ventured to remind the Prince that term was already commenced, and he ought to be hard at work at his studies.

Some mournful circumstances are associated with the Prince's residence at Madingley. He had hardly completed his first term when the death of the Duchess of Kent called him away from Cambridge. The close of his October term was signalized by a sadder bereavement. It had been in contemplation that the Queen and Prince Albert should pay a flying visit to Cambridge. Prince Albert only came, and passed one

night at Madingley. It was directly after this that he caught the cold which, issuing in gastric fever, terminated the most honoured and valuable career of the "blameless Prince." The Prince did not return to Madingley; but later, in happier days, he brought his fair bride to Cambridge, and received the honours which appropriately terminated his academical career.

There is an especial memory associated with Madingley, vivid in the minds of those who have known Cambridge during the last ten years. Apart from the visit of the Prince, it is the most interesting local recollection. In the shadowed village churchyard there is a beautiful monument erected by various Cambridge men, as a token of love and esteem, to one of their number, Frank Mackenzie.* He had formed the subject of an interesting religious biography; and the writer of this paper—himself an acquaintance of Mackenzie—recalls the sad sensation which his death during term time occasioned, the almost public funeral of the young student, and the affecting eloquence with which the clergy spoke

he would show her how beautiful Cambridge, with its lime avenues, is in spring, and take her to one or two of the pretty villages, especially Madingley, which was a favourite walk of his own, and where he used to botanize." He was buried on the day of the national fast on account of the disasters in the Crimea; and his mortal remains were conveyed to Madingley—"his favourite Madingley." The committee of the Jesus Lane Sunday-school—an institution which, we believe, is entirely conducted by university men—drew up a minute from which we may make an extract, as showing how a man of high culture and high position can willingly and cheerfully descend to the lowliest offices of teaching. "He cheerfully assented to give up his class in the upper room, for the purpose of taking the principal care of the infant school; and it was encouraging to see a man who had already carried off several college prizes, and whom high academical honours awaited, finding spiritual refreshment and relaxation from severer studies in leading the tender lambs of the flock to the great Shepherd and



MADINGLEY HALL, THE RESIDENCE OF H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES DURING THE TIME HE PASSED AT CAMBRIDGE.

of his early death and his bright example. He was the son of the late Lord Mackenzie, one of the Scottish judges. He was a diligent college student, and, moreover, of refined literary taste; and, beyond this, greatly attached to the great cause of missions, a diligent Sunday-school teacher, and an assiduous district visitor in one of the poorest parts of the town of Cambridge. Madingley was with him, as with most Cambridge men, a favourite walk. The student had a keen eye for that quiet and peculiar beauty which characterizes the flat Cambridge scenery. "Exquisite sunset: all nature seemed in harmony with the peaceful, delicately-blended tints of the sky. That walk did me much good: must have solitary walks oftener. . . . Walk to Madingley Park: very enjoyable; fine frosty day." In his illness he talked to his sister about Madingley. "Alluding to the possibility of his own recovery," writes his biographer, "he expressed a hope that when the season was more advanced

Bishop of souls. In his last conversation with the superintendent, before his illness, he adverted with pleasure to the number of infants in his district who were approaching the age of three years (the age at which they were admitted into the school), anticipating with evident satisfaction an increased number of scholars." Many pause in Madingley churchyard to read his simple epitaph.

The village churchyard in the park of Madingley Hall is said to have suggested to Gray the idea of the famous "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." With greater reason, perhaps, the origin of this wonderful poem has been assigned to the churchyard of Stoke Pogis. From a letter of Gray's to Horace Walpole it is clear that the poem was finished at Stoke. It is, however, well known that, some years previously, Gray had been occupied with this poem, and nothing is more probable than that at least a portion of the imagery and associations of the Elegy were derived from Madingley churchyard during the prolonged residence in Cambridge of the retired and sensitive poet.

* See "Early Death not Premature; being a Memoir of Francis L. Mackenzie, late of Trinity College, Cambridge." By Rev. C. P. Miles. Edinburgh. Constable and Co.